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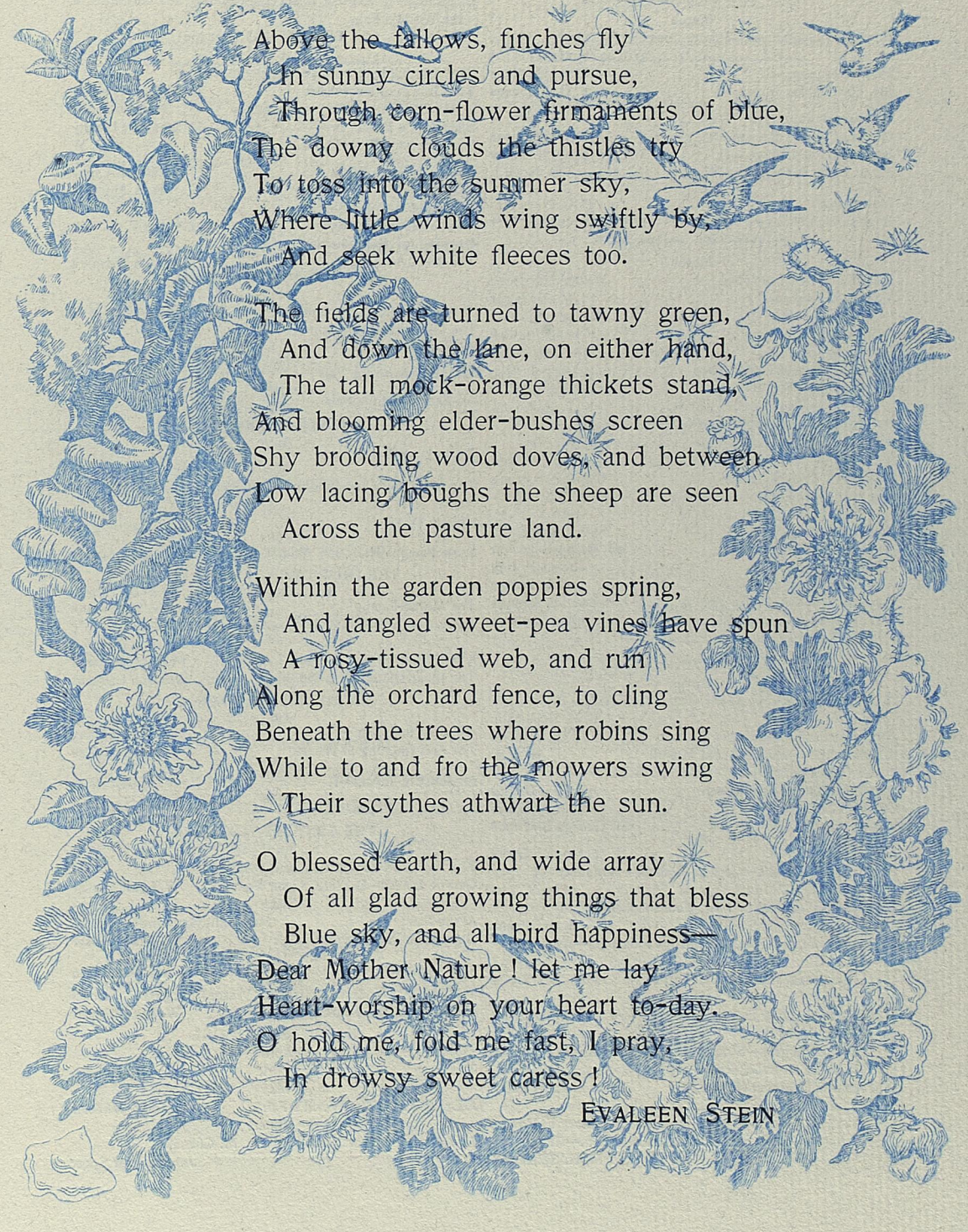
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SUMMER-TIME



Above the fallows, finches fly
In sunny circles and pursue,
Through corn-flower firmaments of blue,
The downy clouds the thistles try
To toss into the summer sky,
Where little winds wing swiftly by,
And seek white fleeces too.

The fields are turned to tawny green,
And down the lane, on either hand,
The tall mock-orange thickets stand,
And blooming elder-bushes screen
Shy brooding wood doves, and between
Low lacing boughs the sheep are seen
Across the pasture land.

Within the garden poppies spring,
And tangled sweet-pea vines have spun
A rosy-tissued web, and run
Along the orchard fence, to cling
Beneath the trees where robins sing
While to and fro the mowers swing
Their scythes athwart the sun.

O blessed earth, and wide array
Of all glad growing things that bless
Blue sky, and all bird happiness—
Dear Mother Nature! let me lay
Heart-worship on your heart to-day.
O hold me, fold me fast, I pray,
In drowsy sweet caress!

EVALEEN STEIN